

In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM MICHOLSON

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The telephone! This wretched Edward with half his wits gave me more trouble than the bishop and the dowager put together. She jumped at the idea, and left the room, only to come back again to whisper to me:

"What name, my dear?"

"What name? What name?" I repeated, blankly. What name, indeed, I wonder how "Nance Olden" would have done.

"Don't hurry, dear, don't perplex yourself," she whispered, anxiously, nothing my bewilderment. "There's plenty of time, and it makes no difference—not a particle, really."

I put my hand to my head.

"I can't think—I can't think. There's one girl has nervous prostration, and her name's got mixed with mine, and I can't—"

"Hush, hush! Never mind. You shall come and lie down in my room. You'll stay with us to-night, anyway, and we'll have a doctor in, bishop."

"That's right," assented the bishop. "I'll go get him myself."

"You—you're not going!" I cried, in dismay. It was real. I hated to see him go.

"Nonsense—phone." It was Edward who went himself to telephone for the doctor, and I saw my time getting short.

But the bishop had to go, anyway. He looked out at his horses shivering in front of the house, and the sight hurried him.

"My child," he said, taking my hand, "just let Mrs. Ramsey take care of you to-night. Don't bother about anything, but just rest. I'll see you in the morning." He went on, not noticing that I kind of clung to him. Well, I did. "Can't you remember what I said to you in the carriage—that I wished you were my daughter. I wish you were, indeed I do, and that I could take you home with me and keep you, child."

"Then—to-night—if if when you pray—will you pray for me as if I was—your own daughter?"

Tom Dorgan, you think no prayers but a priest's are any good, you blotted, snickering Catholic! I tell you if some day I cut loose from you and start in over again, it'll be the bishop's prayers that'll do it.

The dowager and I passed Edward in the hall. He gave me a look behind her back, and I gave him one to match it. Just practice, you know, Tom. A girl can never know when she'll want to be expert in these things.

She made me lie down on a couch while she turned the lamp low, and then left me alone in a big palace of a bedroom filled with things. And I wanted everything I saw. If I could, I'd have lifted everything in sight.

But every minute brought that doctor nearer. Soon as I could be really sure she was gone, I got up, and, hurrying to the long French windows that opened on the great piazza, I unfasted them quietly, and inch by inch I pushed them open.

There within ten feet of me stood Edward. No escape that way. He saw me, and was tiptoeing heavily toward me, when I heard the door click behind me, and in walked the dowager back again.

I flew to her.

"I thought I heard some one out there," I said. "It frightened me so that I got up to look. Nobody could be out there, could they?"

She walked to the window and put her head out. Her lips tightened grimly.

"No, nobody could be out there," she said, breathing hard, "but you might get nervous just thinking there might be. We'll go to a room upstairs."

And go we did, in spite of all I could plead about feeling well enough now to go alone, and all the rest of it. How was I to get out of a second or third-story window?

I began to think about the correction again as I followed her upstairs, and after she'd left me I just sat waiting for the doctor to come and send me there. I didn't much care, till I remembered the bishop. I could almost see his face as it would look when he'd be called to testify against me, and I'd be standing in that rattle in prisoner's pen, in the middle of the courtroom, where Dan Christensen stood when they tried him.

No, I couldn't bear that; not without a fight, anyway. It was for the bishop I'd got out of this part of the scrape. I'd get out of it so's he shouldn't know how bad a thing a girl can be.

While I lay thinking it over, the same maid that had brought me the tea came in. She was an ugly, thin little thing. If she's a sample of the maids in that house, the lot of them would take the kink out of your pretty hair, Thomas J. Dorgan, Esq., late of the house of refuge and soon of Mowmening. Don't throw things. People in my set, mine and the dowager's, don't.

She had been sent to help me undress, she said, and make me comfortable. The doctor lived just around the corner, and would be in in a minute.

"Phew! She wasn't very promising, but she was my only chance. I took her."

"I really don't need any help, thank you, Nora," I said, chipper as a sparrow, and remembering the name the dowager had called her by. "Aunt Henrietta is too fussy, don't you think? Of course, you won't say a word against her. She told me the other day that she'd never had a maid so sensible and quick-witted, too, as her Nora. Do you know, I've a mind to play a joke on the doctor when he comes. You'll help me, won't you?"

"Oh, I know you will!" Suddenly I remembered the bishop's bill. I took it out of my pocket. Yep, Tom, that's where it went. I had to choose between giving that skinny maid the biggest tip she ever got in her life—or Nance Olden to the correction.

You needn't swear, Tom Dorgan. I fancy if I'd got there, you'd got worse. No, you bully, you know I wouldn't tell; but the police sort of know how to pair our kind.

In her cap and apron I let the doctor in and myself out. And I don't regret a thing up there in the square except that lovely red coat with the high collar and the hat with the fur on it. I'd give—Tom, get me a coat like that and I'll marry you for life.

No, there's one thing I could do better if it was to be done over again. I could make that dear little old bishop whisper harder I'd been his daughter.

What am I musing about? Oh—nothing. There's the watch—Edward's watch. Take it.

CHAPTER II.

YES, empty-handed, Tom Dorgan. And I can't honestly say I didn't have the chance, but—if my hands are empty, my head is full.

Listen.

There's a girl I know with short brown hair, a turned-up nose and gray eyes, rather far apart. You know her, too? Well, she can't help that.

But this girl—oh, she makes such a pretty boy! And the ladies at the hotel over in Brooklyn, they just do when she's not only a boy, but a bell-boy. Her name may be Nancy when she's in petticoats, but in trousers she's Nathaniel—in short, Nat.

Now, Nat, in blue and buttons, with his hair kept better than most boys', with his curly hair parted in the middle, and with a gentle tang to his voice that makes him almost girlish—who would suspect Nat of having a stolen pass-key in his pocket and a pretty fair knowledge of the contents of almost every top bureau-drawer in the hotel?

Not Mrs. Sarah Kingdon, a widow just arrived from Philadelphia, and desperately gone on young Mr. George Morriway, also fresh from Philadelphia, and desperately gone on Mrs. Kingdon's money.

The tip that lady gave the bad boy Nat! I knew I couldn't make you believe it any other way; that's why I passed 'em on to you, Tommy-boy.

The hotel woman, you know, girls, is a hotel woman because she isn't fit to be anything else. She's lazy and selfish and little, and she's shifted all her legitimate cares on to the proprietress's shoulders. She actually—you can understand and share my indignation, can't you, Tom, as you've shared other things—she even gives over her black tin box full of valuables to the hotel clerk to put in the safe; the coward! But her vanity—ah, there's where we get her, such speculators as you and myself. She's got to outshine the woman who sits at the next table, and so she borrows her diamonds from the clerk, wears 'em like the peacock she is, and trembles till they're back in the safe again.

In the meantime she locks them up in the tin box which she puts in her top bureau-drawer, hides the key, forgets where she hid it, and—O Tom! after searching for it for hours and making herself sick with anxiety, she ties up her head in a wet handkerchief with vinegar on it and—rings the bell for the bell-boy!

He comes.

As I said, he's a prompt, gentle little bell-boy, slight, looks rather young for his job, but that very youth and innocence of his make him such a fellow to trust!

"Nat," says Mrs. Kingdon, tearfully pressing half a dollar into the nice lad's hand, "I've lost something, and I want you to—help me find it."

"Yes'm," says Nat. He's the soul of politeness.

"It must be here—it must be in this room," says the lady, getting wild with the terror of losing. "I'm sure positive—that I went straight to the shoe-bag and slipped it in there. And now I can't find it, and I must have it before I go out this afternoon—for a very special reason. My daughter Evelyn will be home to-morrow, and why don't you look for it?"

"What is it, ma'am?"

"I told you once—My key—a little flat key that looks—a box I've got," she finishes distrustfully.

"Have you looked in the shoe-bag, ma'am?"

"Why, of course I have, you little stupid. I want you to hunt other places where I can't easily get. There are other places I might have put it but I'm positive, it was in the shoe-bag."

"Well, I looked for that key. Where? Where not? I looked under the rubbish in the waste-paper basket; Mrs. Kingdon often fooled thieves by dropping it there. I pulled up the corner of the carpet and looked there—it was loose; it had often been used for a hiding-place. I looked in Miss Evelyn's boot and in her ribbon box. Empty! Mrs. Kingdon's full powder box. I climbed ladders and felt along, corners. I looked through the pockets of Mrs. Kingdon's gowns—a clever bell-boy it takes to find a woman's pocket, but even the real masquerade ones among 'em are half feminine; they've had so much to do with women."

I rummaged through her writing desk, and, in searching a golden-nered pad, found a note from Morriway hidden under the corner. I did it again carefully—in my coat pocket. A love-letter from Morriway, to a woman 20 years older than himself—'tain't a bad lay, Tom Dorgan, but you needn't try it.

At first she watched every move I made, but later, as her headache grew worse, she got desperate. So then I put my hand down into the shoe-bag and found the key, where it had slipped under a fold of cloth.

Do you suppose that woman was grateful? She snatched it from me. "I knew it was there. I told you it was there. If you'd had any sense you'd have looked there first. The

boys in this hotel are so stupid."

"That's all, ma'am?"

She nodded. She was fitting the key into the black box she'd taken from the top drawer. Nat had got to the outside door when he heard her come shrieking after him.

"Nat—Nat—come back! My diamonds—they're not here! I know I put them back last night—I'm positive. I could swear to it. I can see myself putting them in the diamond bag, and—O my God, where can they be! This time they're gone!"

Nat could have told her—but what's the use? He felt she'd only lose 'em again if she had 'em. So he let them lie snug in his trousers pocket—where he had put the diamond bag, when his eyes lit on it, under the corner of the carpet. He might have passed it over to her then, but you see, Tom, she hadn't told him to look for a bag; it was a key she wanted. Bell-boys are so stupid.

This time she followed his every step. He could not put his hand on the smallest thing without rousing her suspicion. If he hesitated, she scolded. If he hurried, she fumed. Most unjust, I call it, because he had no thought of stealing—just then.

"Come," she said at last, "we'll go down and report it at the desk."

"Hain't I better wait here, ma'am, and look again?"

She looked sharply at him.

"No; you'd better do just as I tell you."

So down we went. And we met Mr. Morriway there. She'd telephoned him. The chambermaid was called, the housekeeper, the electrical engineer who'd been fixing bells that morning, and as I said, a bell-boy named Nat, who told how he'd just come on duty when Mrs. Kingdon's bell rang, found her key and returned it to her, and was out of the room when she unlocked the box. That was all he knew.

(To Be Continued.)

ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people generally.

"I told you once—My key—a little flat key that looks—a box I've got," she finishes distrustfully.

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Do You Want to Know What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of medicines of known composition. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he is exposed to swallow. Whether it be food or drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing a broadsheet of all the ingredients entering into his leading medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery," the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and open-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the scientific endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed free to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not bog down the system, but cause constipation. One or two each day for a laxative and regulator, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

\$50,000 GIVEN AWAY. In copies of Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 200,000 copies a few years ago, at \$1.50 per copy. Last year we gave away 50,000 copies of this book. This year we shall give away 50,000 more. Will you share a part of them? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps, or 31 stamps of mailing only for book in stiff paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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IMMENSE FORTUNE OF MOTHER EDDY

"Science and Health" and the "Church Manual."

Christian Science Grows and 488,000 Copies Already Have Been Sold.

WONDERFUL WOMAN AT HEAD

Boston, Mass., July 6.—An edition of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" run off during the past week by the Cambridge Press brings the total issue of this work to date up to 488,000 copies. These figures in themselves form one of the most striking commentaries on the marvellous executive and business skill of the 85-year-old woman, who is the mainspring of the Christian Science movement. Figures made public at the recent annual communion in this city showing the increase in the number of Christian Science churches and communicants were surprising even to those who have closely followed the spread of the movement.

Where but a few years ago the churches were numbered by scores they are now to be counted in the thousands. There is scarcely a community in any part of the land where the church has not gained a foothold. The branch churches are all under the absolute control of Mrs. Eddy who is "Pastor Emeritus" of the mother church in this city, and as "Mother" of the whole church has undisputed power.

Though 85 years old, this wonderful woman displays all the energy and capacity of a young business man. In an indirect but effective way she controls everything, and with the great growth of the church her wealth has proportionately increased. Even her most trusted lieutenants are said to have but a faint idea of the actual bulk of her fortune. It is safe to say, however, that "Mother" Eddy's private fortune has now reached figures that eclipse the most ambitious dreams of Dr. Dowle.

Through the hundreds of Christian Science churches and reading-rooms in this and other lands Mrs. Eddy pushes the sale of her book, "Science and Health." The "Church Manual," written by Mrs. Eddy, commands all readers in the church to read only from "Science and Health" and the Bible. The price of the cheapest copy that can be had is \$3. It is said that the actual cost of making the book is less than 50 cents. The profits go to Mrs. Eddy personally. More than 485,000 copies have been sold, so that at the lowest estimate she made from this source alone upwards of \$1,200,000. But there are more expensive copies, ranging in price up to \$6. Her other books are also sold for her benefit through the church and its reading-rooms.

Moreover the revenues are increasing by geometrical progression, and there does not appear to be any danger of the "system" being disturbed by inquisitive investigation committees.

WILL VACCINATE

To Render Children Immune to Tuberculosis.

A Paris, France, dispatch of recent date says: It seems very possible that the vaccine lymph for tuberculosis may have been discovered. Dr. Albert Calmette and M. C. Guérin, who have been experimenting for some time with young calves, have just announced the result so far attained by their research—results which give hope that a method may be found of rendering the human body immune against consumption. Their statement is in part as follows:

"Experience having shown us that tuberculosis bacilli killed by heat or treated by various reagents pass through the intestinal wall with the same facility as living bacilli and make their way into the lungs, we sought to discover if young animals, inoculated with two doses of 5 and 10 centigrammes of dead bacilli or bacilli of modified vitality and virulence, at an interval of forty-five days, can throw off an injection of 5 centigrammes of fresh bovine tuberculosis injections to the experimenters."

"We have now convinced ourselves that the bovine tuberculosis bacilli, killed by boiling or simply heated, and injected under certain conditions, does vaccinate after four months and for a period as yet undetermined, against virulent injections by the digestive organs."

"We believe it will be possible to make young children immune to infection by injecting, a few days after their birth and again some weeks later, a small quantity of tuberculous bacilli, human and bovine, modified by heat and mixed in a little milk."

CONVICTED OF SON'S MURDER.

Circus Performer for Second Time Found Guilty of Killing Child.

Kansas City, Mo., July 6.—A jury today for the second time rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against John Martin Speyer, a circus performer formerly of New Orleans, who killed his little son here four years ago.

At any rate, the man who fails is more to be commended than the man who never tries.

POLITICAL GAME UNION MAY ENTER

Discusses Question at Their Regular Meeting.

Tentative Suggestions of Names for City Officers Offered, but no Action.

FEDERATION FAVORS SCHEME.

Central Labor Union met last night and discussed the matter of unions entering politics. This is a question drawing the attention of unions throughout the country, and it received much attention in the organization last night.

The American Federation of Labor sanctions unions entering politics and many other unions have taken it up. The idea is for the union men to select a candidate for office and support him whether he be a tradesman or not. An office holder beneficial to the union is what is desired.

The delegates last night took no final action. The matter was referred to each delegate to bring before his local union to report back the result of the vote.

The delegates voted a long list of possible nominees for the various city offices and will take definite action when the above matter is finally settled.

The committee on arrangements for the fall carnival reported progress. Everything points to success.

Half the World Wonders

how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Sores and all Skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1130 E. Reynolds St., Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by McPherson's drug store, 25c.

A MODERN HOME FOR SALE.

Six rooms, bath, furnace, hardwood floors, up-to-date in every particular. Apply on premises at 416 North Fifth street.

Beats the Music Cure.

"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by McPherson's drug store, 25c.

Henrik Ibsen's widow has for some time been collecting letters written by her husband and will have them published.

ABRAHAM L. WEIL & CO.

CAMPBELL BLOCK

Telephone: Office, 369; Residence, 771

INSURANCE

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected May 20, 1904.

South Bound

St. Louis	10:10	10:15	10:20
St. Charles	8:40am	8:45am	8:50am
St. Louis	12:10pm	12:15pm	12:20pm
St. Charles	9:40am	9:45am	9:50am
St. Louis	1:10pm	1:15pm	1:20pm
St. Charles	10:40am	10:45am	10:50am
St. Louis	2:10pm	2:15pm	